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WHEN A NOBLE SOUL IS THINE.

Whene'er a silent place is surely thine,
Where thou from labor's toil thy head may'st rest;
When a noble soul responds to thy request,
Inquiring for the cause of joy's decline;
And sorrows, woes, thou canst not well define
An echo ring within another's breast;
When happiness and peace thy soul have blessed
Whose rays of joy for others also shine:—

Then fortune's goodness reached its widest bound,
And peace and blessing fill with joy the heart.
Protect this jewel, guard the gem now found;
Nor fear—what's loved, forever cannot part.
Thy soul be ope and all its secrets tell,
For in false hearts such love abhors to dwell.

ALUMNUS.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

AMONG the scattered constellations of the literary zone we frequently discern tiny poetic stars of original brightness and magic splendor. Though they are small and ordinarily obscured, they never forego their chance to engage much attention and admiration on the part of those who are better accomplished with the advantage of vision, and are more impressed by the fair and the beautiful. To the infinite variety of genial entertainments accessible for this peculiar cast of intelligence in readers, the pen of Collins has added a sparkling wisp of light that rivals in quality and expression any parallel production of genius. Few odes in any language possess a more rhythmic and uninterrupted effusion of the author's personal self, or a like uniform overflow of liquid and graceful feelings than is perceivable in that of Collins on the passions. We justly instance it as a wonderfully charming picture of the tenderest sympathy in music with the emotive chords in the human organism. Let us bring our feelings into unison with the vividly colored representation of anger which follows second upon the animating and musical preamble, and we shall find ourselves forcibly stirred by a real sensation of the sublime. There is scarcely a more truthful personification of this passion anywhere than in the following:—

“Next anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
With one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hands the strings.”

Other sublime images and striking passages are not wanting in the poem. It presents many fine things in the few lines it contains, but is always

highly wrought, pure and free from extravagances. What impresses us more than the consummate taste and charming union in the strain of thought, is the exquisite facility with which the author emancipates his humor from the influence of the man and brings it to identity with frolicsome youth. Though but a moment ago he created withering heat and invented spells of sad and pensive moods that linger still in fading gloom on his agitated fancy, yet, under the shadow of melancholy, serene joy advances by an almost instinctive procession of thought which inspires these beautiful personifications of Cheerfulness and Joy:—

“But oh! how altered was its sprightly tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air that dale and thicket rung.

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Last came Joy's ecstatic trail:

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While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.”

Thus eight distinct ranges of emotion share a generous sympathy and are described with an enthusiastic devotion that ripens to perfection in each case, but never exceeds maturity. It is ordinarily the stamp of a rigid classical consistency that impairs the mellow coloring of nature in some of the best lines, and makes them fantastical and cold. It was not, however, a deficiency in that power which constitutes the poet that extorted these slight irregularities from the author, but rather straitened circumstances and hurried composition.

Perhaps the character of the poem will receive some illustration if it be compared with the Ode of St. Cecilia's Day. The latter possesses more uniformity in vehemence and rapidity, and certainly is ornamented by beautiful illustrations culled everywhere from a comprehensive speculation and vast circumference of knowledge. However the glowing animation that runs through it proceeds only from smouldering embers which never burst forth in flame, and the passion in it is quite objective, sketched from observation and applied according to the dictates of experience. At times the poet raves more than he thinks, allowing his knowledge to remain inert, whilst he combines, amplifies, and animates with a bad judgment. The genius breathed into Collins' Ode, elevates it above the influence of menial imitation, which of necessity is but short of flight, and helps it to continue in a fervent and regular warmth that surpasses expectation and never falls below the true lyrical temperament. The brilliant mind that produced the material did not gather lifeless models or images from the stores of nature, neither was it constrained to rules or laws, but blazed up brightly whenever excited by a rising pulse and consumed the whole fuel supplied by emotion and sentiment.

A good judgment always guides the thought which caution has accumulated and highly condensed so that the poem may be read with perpetual delight. The frequent change of metre corresponds to the demands of odes; it makes them more musical and gives great latitude for expression with an unlimited range of subjects. In each of the personified passions the poet has confined himself to one feeling that grows spontaneously in breadth, and always in beauty. Each is a pure emotion, a simple unmixed influence of nature.

The conclusion expresses a wish born of reflection on old memories, and results in an intellectual meditative lament involving a vein of praise for the irreparable loss of simplicity, energy, and purity in the world of sound.

MEINRAD B. KOESTER, '02

ON A WINTER'S EVE.

THE close of day was fast approaching. The leaves strewn in listless profusion over the pavement rustled beneath my feet as I trudged homeward on a crisp November day. A few tiny flakes of snow were blown hither and thither by the wind; these were soon followed by others, and when I ascended the steps of my home the air was filled with flying crystals which sank to the earth with a restless little flutter. A cheerful fire was burning in the library, and removing my hat and overcoat, I dropped into a chair before the dancing flames to enjoy their warmth.

Outside quite a change had taken place. The snow, instead of falling softly to the earth, was fiercely driven through the air, and the coming night was being ushered in by a howling wind. As I sat before the hearth, wrapped in the gathering darkness, the shadows flitted over the wall in grewsome shapes; but the study was cozy and I content, and these circumstances tended to make my mind reminiscent. I lived over again my college days; I saw my old chum Walter, who had not been heard of since he disappeared so mysteriously from school four years previous. Poor old fellow! I was wondering what had happened to him, when I became conscious of some-one looking at me, and turning, I beheld a face pressed close to the window pane. Heavens! It was the face

of my old chum, but how changed! The features were drawn and terror gleamed from the sunken eyes, while a deathly pallor overspread the whole countenance. He beckoned me with a long, bony finger. Taking my hat I slipped out. He gave me not a word or look of recognition, but started down the street at a rapid pace, closely followed by me.

The storm had ceased. After a brisk walk we came to the out skirts of the town and passed into the fields. One after another was left behind, until the city was no longer in sight. I wished to go back, but an irresistible force seemed to lead me on. At last we came to a well-known spot—the stone-quarry. A narrow road led to the bottom; following this, we were soon in the very heart of the pit. It was about six-hundred feet square; a straight wall nearly a hundred feet high surrounded us on all sides, except at our backs, and here the road by which we had descended, found its way to the top. The earth was vested in a robe of the purest white. Innumerable stars sparkled in the azure depths above. Softly the silvery rays of the moon fell upon the earth's new mantle, changing each little flake into a glittering diamond. The great walls were a solid sheet of brilliant gems. I stood spell-bound, unable to move. My companion, however, did not stop to look at this granduer, nor did he let me tarry long. Grasping my arm he led me to the darkest corner and then pointed upwards; following with my eyes the direction indicated they rested on a narrow track which arose with a steep ascent to the height of two hundred feet. It was used to haul stone to a crusher above; at the top I could see a car heavily laden with rock. The terminal point lay at our feet.

My chum now spoke for the first time. With a blood-curdling laugh he said, "At last my hour

of revenge has come. When I disappeared from school and was cruelly murdered, did you seek to discover what had become of me? You shall be served as those false beings have been." Looking to my right I saw the mangled forms of three class-mates. I trembled in every limb. He released my arm for a moment; but that moment was enough; I sprang away and ran only as a frightened person can run. Up that steep incline I sped, and when the top was reached, plunged among the trees of a near-by wood. On, on I went for nearly a mile; a little further ahead I saw a clump of bushes; into these I dived and thought myself secure. While intently listening for sounds of my pursuer, I heard a twig snap, and turning looked straight into the eyes of my would-be murderer. He threw himself upon me with the fierceness of a lion and bore me to the earth. He applied a sponge to my nostrils and I lost all bodily control; dragging me from the bushes he bound my hands and feet; then I discovered we were on the edge of the stone-quarry, and instead of going straight, I had run in a circle and come back to the spot I had started from. He carried me to the bottom of the quarry and bound me across the track.

Leaning over me he hissed into my ear, "Your hour has come." Then a wild laugh, almost a shriek, rent the air, and I heard the heavy car start on its downward course. Black darts shot before my eyes; beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead; I struggled with the frenzy of a madman, but to no avail. The cold rails seemed to press closer to my neck; the bonds cut my wrists and blood trickled from my finger tips; I tried to call for help, but could not. The car was only a few feet away when——I was awakened by mother calling me to supper.

GEORGE J. ARNOLD, '05.

THE CURSE OF CAIN.

The night is rushing from her dismal throne
And presses from her heart a doleful moan;
The stars are sinking to the ocean's deep,
The nightingale wakes men from pleasant sleep.
Aurora opens with her rosy hands
The golden, shining gates, where waiting stands
The fiery steed of morn, and all his train;
He longs to see the earth and men again.
The gates dividing far, on hinges grate:
Morn galops forth—no longer he can wait.
His face is beaming on the waking earth;
He fills all creatures with his choicest mirth.
He sends his looks on countries far and wide
On rill and plain, on sea and mountain-side.
And while he looks upon the youthful world,
A dreadful panorama is unfurled.
In the greensward near an altar-stone,
There lies a corpse—the first of dead—alone.
The dew-drops grace like diamonds crystalline
The pallid brow.

The sunbeams all combine
Away to kiss them with their rosy touch.
The flowers ask, "Who hath committed such
Atrocious deed?" The very stones lament,
"Whoe'er to such a murder did consent?"
But lo! between yon copse the villain hides
His frightful visage.

Now he forward strides
And views with tearless eye the lovely dead,
Whose face by morning-light and blood is red—
Abel lies upon his crimson bed.
Cain sees the wounds of his fair brother bleed—
He shudders at his foul, unnatural deed;
But presently a voice from heaven called:

“Cain! Cain!” He heard it, and he stood appalled.—
Again it rang like thunder’s threat’ning roar,
That shook the mountains to their very core:
“Cain! Cain! Where is thy brother Abel? Speak!
Why is thy eye so dark? Thy heart so weak?”
“Am I my brother’s keeper?—Where is he?”
“Thy brother’s blood for vengeance cries to me.
The thirsty earth that drank thy brother’s blood
Is holy; here his pleasant altar stood,
Which thou in jealousy hast overthrown.
The earth, with thorns and briars overgrown,
Shall yield thee nothing else.

Exiled thou art,
For sin and Satan rule thy jealous heart;
From all society live thou apart,
Else, cruel murderer, thy fratricide
Might well beget a horrid parricide.
Go, hie thee hence!”

“But every one will slay
Me who will find me either night or day.—
There is no hope———

I’m cursed—I’m lost—forlorn;
I must despair; Oh, were I never born!
“This must not be; it is My Sovereign Will
That thou shalt live and none raise hand to kill
Thee, Cain; but I will stamp thy wicked brow,
That every one will know thee then as now.”
An angel then stamped Cain with wrath divine,—
A dread, immortal, uncorrupting sign.
As silence that ensues when lightening’s flash
Hath struck an oak and left a gaping gash—
So still stood Cain.

As he gazed up the sky,
He saw a wonderful and brilliant eye.
It pierced his very soul—he faints away.
The sun is setting in its grand array.
Cain now awakes and flees from place to place;
O’er mountains, hills, and plains, on unknown ways,

To flee away far from that wondrous eye
That still pursues him in the evening sky—
The mountain-wastes hear Cain's despairing cry.
He flees and flees through all the distant lands,
O'er rivers, on the mighty ocean's strands.
That eye still follows him where'er he goes;
All elements are his conspired foes.
"A fugitive, an outlaw full of fear,
Have I arrived in this wild country here.
Ah! How it burns, that mark upon my brow,
Oh, what a wretch am I! I see it now!
I have spilled Abel's guileless, virgin blood,
I've slain my brother—gentle, meek, and good.
Ye men upon this earth, ah! slay ye Cain!
Oh what a restless life, so full of pain!
Thou mighty lion, shake thy kingly mane
And bury deep thy tooth within my breast,
My life is naught—unhallowed and unblest.
O death relieve me! Blood for blood be given!
I have to flee—that eye shines in the heaven."
Fair evening dives below the western seas,
A crimson flood o'ermantles by degrees
Her virgin cheek—she slights this woeful day
On which a brother did a brother slay.
Dark night has spread her gloomy wings o'er earth
And starry orbs shed down their light of mirth:
Cain beaming sees those bright eternal fires—
He sees that eye, and flees thro' bush and briars.
He flees, and flees again, and knows not where—
His soul is desolate and dead and bare
Of every grace and joy of human heart;
For peace and rectitude did long depart.

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03

AMPERE AND VOLTA.

IN this age of marvelous achievements in the department of electricity and electro-magnetism, it seems just to cherish gratefully the memory of two great scientists, who through years of toil discovered the principles from which these wonders have developed. Alexander Volta was born at Como, a city of northern Italy, in 1745. He spent the greatest part of his life at the University of Pavia, but died at the place of his birth in 1827. Poleymieux, a village in the vicinity of Lyons, is the home of Andre Marie Ampere; there he was born in 1775; he resided chiefly at Paris as professor in the Polytechnic School, and afterwards in the College de France. His death occurred at Marseilles in 1836.

Both physicists were blessed with good Catholic parents, and in their youth were equally fervent in the exercise of their religious duties; but thence their paths diverged. Ampere commenced to cast a shadow of doubt over everything he had hitherto firmly believed. It is remarkable that the inclination of his nature, which so much contributed to his fall, was no less a characteristic of Volta. They both had an uncommon greed for reading; they would devour the contents of every book within reach, and chance, not quality, determined their choice.

To Ampere this propensity was of sad consequence. The age abounded in books written with the aim of supplanting the true faith by scepticism and infidelity. These Ampere most readily secured and soon his mind was ensnared by their sophisms. Bad companions still further undermined his faith, and, when finally he perused an infidel philosophy,

indifferentism completely took possession of his heart. Neither the exhortations of his pious mother nor the entreaties of his loving wife could prevail on him to go to church or to receive the sacraments.

A beautiful contrast is offered by the religious side of Volta during the same period of life. He was the model of a Christian scientist. While performing his experiments in the laboratory, he always had the crucifix before him. Over the entrance to his house was a picture of the Madonna which in passing he respectfully saluted. He attended Mass every day, and the custom of daily reciting the rosary he faithfully observed to the end of his life. Often also, when the weather permitted, his entire family directed their evening walk to a neighboring church to pay a visit to Our Saviour in the Blessed Sacrament.

Neither of the two celebrated physicists went from any of the great centres of learning. Volta enjoyed only a two years' course in the college, followed by a brief study in philosophy. Ampere was altogether debarred from the systematic training of the school. After the private instructions received from his father in his boyhood, he was solely dependent on self-culture for the improvement of his mind. Fortunately both were endowed with an ambition and zeal for knowledge sufficient to sustain them on the rugged path to intellectual pre-eminence, even without the stimulus of a teacher.

Volta in his youth was an ardent lover of poetry. Among the classics, Virgil and Tasso were his favorites. Even in his declining years he still remembered many beautiful lines which he would recite with pleasure for the entertainment of his sons. He himself often gave vent to his thoughts in poetic effusions; besides this, he was an enthusiast in the study of modern languages.

Ampere's tastes during the same early period of life were strangely different; for he evinced an uncommon fondness for mathematics. To follow his predominant inclination, he could even then submit to bodily austerities. When after a three day's fast during an illness at the age of seven, his mother offered him a biscuit, he broke it into pieces which he used instead of his ordinary flint-stones for the solution of some arithmetical problem. At the age of twelve he was versed in the lower branches of mathematics and analytical geometry, and six years later, having mastered all the branches of that science, he could claim to be one of the greatest mathematicians of France.

Already as a boy, whose chief delight was yet to contemplate the poetic side of scenes and objects, Volta constantly endeavored to penetrate to the cause of every occurrence in nature. Gradually poetry and linguistic studies yielded to his growing desire of investigating the law and forces of nature, and finally when he left his teens he resolved to devote himself wholly to the science of physics, and in particular to researches in electricity.

At about the same period of life, Ampere embraced what Volta forsook. He left the labyrinth of mathematical intricacies to climb the heights of Mount Parnassus. He did not remain a mere student in this new department, but soon began to write verses himself. Numerous poems, chiefly charades, madrigals, songs, and fragments of comedies and tragedies issued from his pen. This peculiar change was due to excessive grief over the death of his father, which for a long time rendered him incapable of performing serious work. Having spent three years in the pursuit of poetry, he resumed his mathematics. He moreover strove to advance the natural sciences in general by his

treaties and experiments, but his attention was mainly directed to electricity and magnetism.

Both Volta and Ampere are conspicuous for intensity and steadiness of application. Volta's eagerness to lead a series of experiments to a successful end not seldom rendered him deaf to the call for dinner or supper, or to nature's demand for sleep. Ampere even surpassed his fellow scientist in this respect. At times his mental faculties were so strenuously centered upon the solution of difficulties and perplexities, that he became oblivious of his very situation. In these trances he committed acts ludicrous to others and humiliating to himself. On one occasion he was the honored guest of a noble family. Being completely absorbed in meditation, he gave vent to his disgust for the dinner by blaming aloud his sister, who was house-keeper at home, for not having hired a more competent cook.

This zeal, this determination to penetrate the mysteries of nature, was crowned with a series of discoveries, which were for both the stepping-stones to fame and public offices. Kings and princes through letters of congratulation commended Ampere for his success in electro-dynamics. The French government among other honorable appointments invested him with the office of inspector-general of the University of Paris with the incumbent duty of inspecting the colleges of his country. He was made professor at the Polytechnic School and a few years later was called to the chair of physics in the College de France. One of the greatest marks of distinction conferred on him, was his reception into the number of sages that constitute the French Academy of Sciences.

Similar honors rewarded the labors of Volta in the domain of electricity. He was nominated

professor of the University at Pavia; after his celebrated invention of the Voltaic pile, the French Academy awarded to him the gold medal by acclamation. Napoleon himself created him senator of Italy, and knight of the Legion of Honor, received him as one of the eight foreign members of the French Institute, and dismissed him with a considerable present and the promise of an annual stipend.

The two discoverers differed greatly in their valuation of these manifestations of esteem. Volta never coveted renown or dignities. When, after the construction of his Voltaic pile, the government desired him to go to Paris where the most flattering honors awaited him, he employed various schemes to avoid the journey. During his stay in that city he sometimes gave open proof of a hearty appetite by consuming his piece of bread for dinner while walking through the boulevards, though he knew that such conduct was far from raising him in the estimation of the refined Parisians. In one of his letters he says, "I prefer the comforts and tranquillity of home to this noisy life of empty honors."

Ampere, whose thoughts no longer dwelt upon the supernatural, was inflamed with the desire for rank and fame. All his conversations hinged on the subject of earthly wisdom and glory, and in the words of Bredin, his biographer, "honor was the idol whom he worshipped." After his conversion, however, he deeply regretted his former inordinate desire for rising to the heights of fame.

Nothing exhibits a more striking dissimilarity in the history of these two men than the vicissitudes of their private lives. Ampere entered the state of matrimony at twenty-four. Volta remained single to the age of forty-nine; but both were

happy in their choice. The two women receive equal praise for their prudence, intelligence, tact in the management of domestic affairs, and, above all, for their singular piety. The letters of Volta are testimonials of tender affection to his spouse; but still greater was Ampere's devotion to his Julia. He almost niggardly hoarded every sous to place her into the most comfortable circumstances. Volta remained in happy union for thirty-three years and preceded his wife to another world. Ampere lost her whom he loved already four years after his wedding. His grief at the bereavement knew no bounds. He was thrown into a state of feverish excitement, in which condition he sometimes even resented with injurious words the attempts of his friends to give him advice and consolation.

Volta, even at the time when the greatest honors were lavished on him abroad, expressed a longing for the tranquil joys of home. Ampere, during his rise to eminence and glory was oppressed with sadness at the thought of home. He had re-married a few years after the death of his wife, but had totally misjudged the qualities of his partner for life. Her incurable pugnacity soon forced him to a separation. His mother thereupon came from Poleymieux to care for her lonely and dejected son at Paris. Her death, however, in consequence of the abrupt change of climate was a new source of deepest affliction to the sensitive soul of Ampere. These blows of adversity at length broke the chains that bound him to the world and its false philosophy, so that for the remaining twenty years of his life he comported himself as an exemplary Catholic.

Either genius was stimulated to the discoveries that rendered his name immortal by a phenomenon which fed the curiosity of thousands,

but was understood in its cause by no one. The contemporaries of Volta saw the convulsive movements of the legs of a frog, when nerve and muscle had been connected through an arch of two different wires. From this they erroneously concluded that animal electricity was flowing from the nerve to the muscles and thus produced the vital movements. Not a few of the materialistic sciolists all over Europe hailed the discovery as a revelation of the hitherto unknown elixir of life.

To their chagrin, however, Volta expunged this animal electricity from the list of natural forces by identifying it with common frictional electricity; and by his demonstration, that the current was generated where the two wires overlapped, he pointed out the new mode of producing electricity through contact of two different metals. Finally, after seven years of wearisome study, observation, and experiment, he found the practical application of this principle in his famous Voltaic pile.

Twenty years later the attention of the scientific world was attracted by the discovery of professor Oersted of Copenhagen, who found that an electric current can change the direction of the magnetic needle; but while all were wondering at this strange phenomenon, nobody could explain it. In Ampere's mind originated the idea that magnetism itself might be due to an electric current within the magnetic iron. In this case the deflection of the magnet would arise from the influence of two currents upon each other. By ingenious devices he actually succeeded in displaying the same directive force between two unmagnetic wires, whenever electric currents were sent through them. By subsequent development of this new truth through experiment and mathe-

matical deductions, Ampere became the founder of the science of electro-dynamics.

Until the end of the 18th century electricity could indeed be accumulated in the Leyden jar; but it was incapable of being transferred except by a violent and momentary discharge which was beyond the control of man. As this freaky force was unavailable for industrial purposes, it was mainly used for amusing the crowd with electric shocks, as on occasion of fairs and festivities. Volta first compelled it to a gentle flow that was capable of being directed and interrupted at the operator's will; and thus he yoked into the service of man one of the most powerful and seemingly indomitable forces of nature.

Ampere used the force which had been made available by Volta for examining the nature of magnetism. He proved the latter's intimate relation, if not its identity, with electricity, and ascertained its effects under the most varied conditions. That force, too, was thereby compelled by Ampere to serve man's purposes in harmonious co-operations with electricity

Volta and Ampere are therefore the pioneers of that wonderful progress in the field of electricity which is the boast of the 19th century. Telegraphy and illumination by electricity, the dynamo and the electric motor, we owe in principle to their genius and to their toils. A grateful posterity has perpetuated the names of the two great discoverers upon two dials of instruments devised for electrical measurements, which are connected with every electric machine. The one bears the inscription 'Volts', the other 'Amperes'.

SYLVESTER HARTMAN, '02.

A DUTIFUL SON.

THERE was no happier family in the city than the Resells. They were poor and earned their daily bread through hard labor. Albert was the only child, a handsome and dutiful lad, who could in no way help his parents but by being obedient to them. In the evening, when Mr. Resell returned from his hard day's work, Albert loved to nestle in his father's lap and listen to his kind words.

A sudden accident cast a gloom upon this small but happy family, which could never be effaced. Whilst descending a ladder, Mr. Resell fell to the ground and was severely injured. He was immediately removed to his home, and after two hours of excruciating pain, expired. Never was there a sadder spectacle than the poor widow and her son.

With his death Mrs. Resell took up the almost unbearable duty of supporting herself and son, Albert. Being well skilled in needle-work she constantly applied herself in knitting and such like work which Albert would take to the market in exchange for clothing and other necessities. Thus passed two years of untold hardships.

One day whilst passing through the market, a gentleman of high repute, knowing of the pitiable condition of Mrs. Resell, seized Albert by the hand and asked him if he would be his errand boy, promising to give him good pay. He heartily assented, thinking how much easier he would make life for his dear mother. His heart was throbbing with joy because he was able to bring such tidings to his mother. This task was quite suitable for Albert, for everyone who came in con-

tact with him could clearly discover in his countenance the noble sentiments of his soul.

Hearing the good news, Mrs. Resell prepared Albert a neat suit and other articles of clothing. Having been admonished by his mother to be kind and obliging to all, especially to his master, he departed to enter upon his employer's service. All was silent as Albert was walking briskly towards the city, when suddenly he met some of his companions who heartily congratulated him upon his recent success.

Bright and early he made his appearance, every morning arranging things in good order about the office, and was ever ready for the commands of his master. Never was he found idling away his time in foolish talk, but, having before his eyes how hard his mother was working for a livelihood, he diligently spent his spare time in acquiring a little education. A few years of hard toil blessed his efforts.

Albert had now arrived at the age when pleasure and amusements are most enticing and when one does not wish to be hampered with many cares; but his resolute spirit did not give heed to the snares that have entrapped so many youths. He was determined to drive poverty from his home and procure means to relieve his care-worn mother from the drudgery of work.

The love Albert evinced for his mother and the labor spent in her behalf were not to pass unrewarded. From an errand boy he gradually rose, step by step, to be one of the most prominent business men of the city. His friends were many and his generosity knew no bounds. He was a devout Catholic and sought to edify his friends more by his example than by words.

He out-lived his mother many years and enjoyed the blessings which God has promised those

who honor their parents. He often exhorted children to love their parents tenderly and cheer their declining years with tender devotion. In these and similar words he would speak of a mother's love: "You cannot walk into midnight darkness where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars shall keep her out; you cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that even there she may kiss and bless you."

R. P. STOLTZ, '02.

THE ORPHAN.

In the deep and somber forest
 Stood an orphan, all alone;
Naught disturbed the fearful quiet
 Save the branches' plaintive moan.

Over Nature's white apparel,
 Wrought by winter bleak and bare,
He was spying for a shelter
 From the chilling winter-air.

But his prying eye discovered
 Naught but ice and drifting snow;
Winter grinned in horrid features,
 Coldly mimicking his woe.

Dead as graveyards stood the forest;
 Bleak as tombstones glared the trees:
Was no voice in all that silence
 Sweetly wafted on the breeze?—

No; the stillness rang terrific!—
 Ah, indeed, he was alone!—
Naught disturbed the fearful quiet
 Save the branches' plaintive moan.

Dismal night seemed black about him
 Falt'ring, he burst in a cry;—
But the gloomy forest answered
 Sighing echoes of the sigh.

Then he sobbed in bitter anguish:
"Other children may be gay
They have parents, have protectors
But from me all turn away."

Suddenly he heard a flutt'ring.
In surprise he gazed above
Where amidst the leafless branches
Swayed a lovely, snowwhite dove.

Ah! she held a grass-green leaflet
In her tiny, golden beak:
Glowing were her feet in purple,
And her eye beamed bright and meek.

From her height she soon alighted
Gently on the orphan's right,
Which unnoticed he extended
Being drunk with keen delight.

"Hail! dear son, from Heaven's Kingdom!"
That was written on the leaf;
Written 'twas in silver letters!—
Ah! did sight itself deceive?—

Lo! the measure of his gladness
Overflowed its narrow bounds:
On the leaf a tear fell softly.
Happy tear, on happier grounds!

Instantly the dove ascended
Swiftly to the azure sky.
"Be 't to you a greeting, parents!"
Was the orphan's earnest sigh.

Higher, higher, ever higher,
Soared the dove in stately flight
Till in the cerulean heavens
She did vanish out of sight.

Then the happy orphan murmured:
"Be my fortunes ever odd,
You remember me, my parents,—
Thou, my Father, dearest God."

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.

LIBERTY.

LIBERTY in its broadest sense is the enjoyment of freedom and unrestraint. It blossomed forth when first the brilliant rays of the sparkling sun illuminated the glowing brow of a mortal being. Its development was unbounded, and soon by the cultivation of man it rose to be one of the predominating powers in the performances of his will. To show its surprising rapidity of growth we can but cast our glance for a moment upon Eden's field, and there within that terrestrial grove we find liberty to assert itself. It was false liberty that endeavored to conquer, and the Almighty at once thwarted its designs. From this instance, however, we perceive that though it was but in its infancy, yet it was deeply imbued in the heart of man. In observing the nations of antiquity we are astonished to see in what high esteem and veneration liberty was held. Greece and Rome, the two mighty nations of old, were the champions of liberty. Greece held liberty as the dearest pledge, offering everything, even life itself, to obtain it. Rome vied with Greece in preserving unstained and untarnished this precious boon. A faint glimmer of liberty inspires all with hope. It causes the weak to become strong, and calls forth deeds of prodigious valor. What gave bravery and endurance to the three hundred Spartans? What made the timid Swiss such mighty warriors? What caused the Knights of Malta to battle with superhuman strength against their unjust aggressors—the Turks? Lastly, what raised in the bosoms of our forefathers such indomitable courage and such a spirit of bravery never before witnessed? The apparent answer we

must give is that liberty was alone the object they sought. With fierceness unsurpassed they centred all their vitality upon that blessed liberty. In order to see the great value of liberty it is sufficient to study the history and occurrence of events in our own country. We, more than any other nation, hold liberty in the highest esteem. "Give me liberty or give me death," this was the cry of Patrick Henry, and with one impulse it reverberated throughout the land. It was in the hearts and minds of all. The tyrant's power had long enough swayed over this fair continent, and now the chains of servitude shall and must be broken forever. How well we see our brave patriots act upon this principle! We behold them with but small bands suffering pain, fatigue, and all hardships imaginable to obtain for themselves and their posterity the blessings of liberty. Wherever we wend our course in life we will always see that liberty holds the highest place among the blessings of a nation. Its glowing embers are never extinguished, and though at times its fire may seem extinct, soon, however, it breaks forth with renewed force and vehemence. Man is naturally inclined to court the hopes and prospects of liberty. It is instilled into his very soul so that he unintentionally seeks its charms. In our own days we most clearly perceive the surprising influence of liberty. The Boers in the southern fields of Africa give us a striking example of its inestimable value. Rather than submit to the government of England they will suffer everything, even the greatest sacrifices conceivable. On a sunny isle not far distant from the United States we beheld but a few years ago the gallant Cubans battling for no other right than liberty and freedom from oppression. A case still more sad now weighs upon our own country. We desire

to check and subjugate an island wherein dwell natives whose hearts are burning with the desire of freedom. How far we have succeeded in our endeavors God alone knows. Let us, however, give this vital question a sincere and candid thought. Laying all party spirit aside, we must ultimately conclude that where liberty's hopes stand in view there are great exertions required to overcome a people. This conclusion we certainly do not draw at random, for we can but gaze at the numerous instances of the past and present times. We desire, and earnestly too, that the Boers may succeed, yet we are at present doing the same as England—namely, keeping liberty from a deserving people. Every man, no matter of what race, color or nationality, possesses a certain liberty which is the inalienable right of that individual. It is liberty, and, properly speaking, in the agreement of liberty with reason and justice that man belongs to himself. He is a person only because he is a free being enlightened by reason. That criterion which distinguishes man from a simple thing is no other than the possession of liberty. Should man's mental faculties be taken away then it is that he forfeits all the rights to liberty. As a free nation is entitled to liberty so also man as a rational being is allowed the same rights.

The world resounds with the echoes of liberty and freedom; yet is liberty in all its various forms the true ideal one? Without limit are its bounds; true liberty, however, is only confined within the limits of a righteous heart. To abandon oneself to the passions and crimes of life is not liberty; to lower the dignity of your person is not liberty; to oppose and revolt against the actions of your government is not liberty; but to fulfill the precepts of God; to hearken to heavenly admonitions; to

aid your fellowmen in their toil through life; in a word, to prove yourself a true Christian,—these only are signs of true liberty. The Martyrs of old, when bound in chains and standing in the arena, possessed this true liberty, though they were under oppression and tyranny. The smile on their angelic countenance bespoke the possession of something that was beyond the knowledge of this world. In their hearts beamed the flame of celestial liberty. Bound by iron fetters they could most ably explain to us the happinesses and joys of the only true liberty. Look at our own present time with its anarchistic spirit predominating. They strive for the destruction of power and the equality of mankind. The real object however of such fiendish work is the destruction of the blessings of liberty we now possess. Anarchists are the agents of Satan enticing by their vain deceptions the hearts of the good. Unrestrained and ungoverned they wish to wander through this world as ideals of their would-be liberty. Their distinguished personality would create another category of liberty. These are not all that seek a liberty of no aim and principle. Life today is filled with persons of the same type who, though disguising their true intent, labor incessantly for the accomplishment of a design unworthy of a rational being.

Thus we may glance at the world, and where we find liberty portrayed in bold caricatures we must conclude when looking into its essence and true character that it is but tyranny in virtue's garb. The true liberty that dwells among faithful hearts lies concealed and unknown. You can distinguish it but by the radiant gleam on the countenance of the mortal possessing it. It lives like the immortal soul—never to die or be destroyed.

HENRY A. HOERSTMAN, '03.

A LETTER.

State Prison, Cell 52,
Ash Wednesday, 1860.

My own dearest Mother:—

Here in this damp, dreary cell, clothed in the striped garments of a felon, with the gloom of Ash Wednesday oppressing me heavily, I sum up courage this evening to write you a letter—to open my heart to you as I have so often done. I know you will be pained and shocked to hear of my being in prison. Little did I dream one week ago to-night that a week thence I would be so far from home in a prison on the charge of—oh, must that awful word be written by a son to his mother! Would that I had you in my arms and could whisper into your ear my sad story, instead of penning in cold words this letter. A letter from a convict son to the sweetest of mothers, a letter from my *prison* to my *home*! My God, how can I stand it! How have I deserved this! Mother, I am neither able to eat nor to sleep. I have walked these stones all night since my arrival here last evening, doing naught else but running my fingers through my hair, pressing my chest, wringing my hands in an agony of thought and emotion. I feel as though every stone in this vast building weighs upon me. I sit down, rise, walk, swing my arms, and at times loosen my collar, to ease the choking sensation that seems to threaten my every breath. I am like a caged hyena. If it were not for the memory of God's goodness, and omnipotence and your love I would end this miserable life with my own hands. As it is I see myself transferred to a madhouse before another moon. Just think, mother, only twenty-one, and stamped

a felon—a *felon*, horrors, when I had hoped to receive the indelible character of the priesthood. To think that after years of study in the classics and philosophy, years of prayer and sacrifices, that it should all end here, and in this way, with a *life sentence* cutting short all my fond hopes. Oh, I feel as though I should burst with agony, and tear these massive walls asunder, and free myself in spite of them all. Must I spend a life in this hell on earth. O God, have mercy!

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My own, own Mother:— 'Tis now morning. I dropped from sheer exhaustion and mental agony last evening. I am going to continue my letter. I am so weary and heartsick. But the morning brought the greatest surprise and blessing to me. Father Connor, the prison chaplain, paid me an early visit. I made my confession, laying bare my whole heart with all its sores and wounds. He has interested himself in my case, and I am certain of a powerful friend in this good chaplain. Just a few moments ago I received our dear Lord in the Holy Eucharist. What a change has come over me. Although I am tired and longing to see you, yet I am now happy, and for the most part, content. Now I am filled with hope, in place of the black despair that seized me last evening, now I love the life God has given me and thank Him sincerely for it instead of wishing to deprive myself of it. God has given me the hope of yet being free, my innocence proven, to return to your side and to my duties.

But, dearest mother, I know you are in a tremble to know how it all came about. Be patient and I will repeat in substance what I told the judge and jury, that condemned me. A more ignorant, prejudiced and vile set of men, I never cast eyes upon. As soon as they found out that

I was a candidate for the Catholic priesthood a scowl was visible upon their criminal and hardened faces. My heart was chilled at the sight, and from that time on I had little hope of being acquitted, especially considering the circumstantial evidence of which I was a victim. The sentence was read—I stood accused of—murder. Think of it, mother,—murder. Oh, what I had hoped to be, and what I am! I slap my hands over my eyes to shut out the vision of chains and life-long imprisonment, I rub my head, pat my face, grasp the table, to see if I am really living. Then I sit down and stare, stare, stare like a mad man. I see you, oh, mother mine, seated in your cozy little chair, with your needle-work, and tears of grief and sorrow and—but, mother, mother, you don't believe me guilty, do you? No, no, never, never you—the whole world but never you.

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10:30 A. M.—Now I am quiet and composed again, mother dearest, and will continue. Having left home with your parting words to be choice in my company and amusements I boarded a west-bound flyer. After a ride of 48 hours I found myself in this section of the country. To amuse myself on the way I had been reading some old letters; among them was one from Ven. M. Borgia, whom you will remember as a teacher of mine for eight years. Next to yourself, I love her better than any woman living. She was always so sincerely pious, and affectionate. To me she was more,—she was motherly. Many a trouble of mine she scattered to the four winds. God only knows how much I was influenced in my choice of a state in life by the piety and noble example of both your life and hers.

Well, in reading this old letter I noticed the address. It was a convent situated not 50 miles

from where I was then riding. My mind was made up in a minute. I would leave the train at Monmouth and pay a short visit to my beloved teacher. Arriving at the little station about noon, I hailed a conveyance, and gave orders to drive to the convent. By one o'clock I reached it. My train left at six; that gave me four hours before returning to the village. I was met at the door by a venerable old sister, who, when she learned my name, welcomed me heartily. She said Sr. Borgia had often spoken of me to her. Then she gave me the choice of waiting in the reception hall till she could summon Sr. Borgia, or of going myself to seek her near Point Lookout.

Point Lookout, as near as I can describe it, was picturesque and—dangerous. The village of Monmouth, and the convent were situated on a high plateau, riddled here and there by deep-cut ravines. At the edge of the grove adjoining the convent was one of these ravines, considered in that part of the country as the richest of them in scenery. Point Lookout was the vantage spot whence all this beauty was viewed! At the end of the grove there was a sheer drop of two-hundred-and-ten feet. This bank, or slide of ground, was covered with caves and immense boulders. Gigantic trees grew in great numbers at the bottom of the cliff-like bank, and some aspired to higher stations up the side; yet Point Lookout was a hundred and fifty feet above the highest of them. The Point was a piece of ground about ten feet square extending out over the ledge-like side. It was worn smooth and hard from the frequent use made of it by the sisters and visitors to view the surrounding and underlying scenery. Near this Point Lookout was a broad settee. Here it was that I found my good friend seated and watching two men making their way through the

underlying brush in the ravine below. When I addressed her she started from her seat half frightened. But as soon as she saw who I was she grasped my hand, while pleasure succeeded surprise on her features. She just stood and looked at me—inspecting me from head to foot. Finally she said quietly, “Sit down.” I noticed that she was aging, but the same sweet, contented expression was on her face. Then we talked, laughed, talked. No lack of matter for conversation. Seven years for each of us to dwell upon, and live over in words. We got to talking of old school days and of the old boys. Among the latter was Fred Brown. You remember him. How he used to vex and torment Sister, till one day he struck her in the face. She turned white as she told Fred that if his heart did not soften soon he would die on the gallows. How near she came to being a true prophetess you will soon learn. With that school-room scene vividly before my eyes, I said, “Sister, have you ever seen or heard of Fred, since that awful day?” “No, I haven’t, Francis,—that is—”; she turned white and trembled just as she did that other day, and staring with a frightened look at the edge of the ravine, contradicted herself; “Yes—Francis—I have seen him.” I was about to ask for an explanation, when a noise in the direction where the sister was looking made me turn about. There, to my surprise, just dragging himself up over the edge of the ravine was what I call a ‘specimen’. Not over five foot—six, ragged, dirty and full of whiskey—there stood before us a tramp. How he ever got up that bank I don’t know. But there he was and impertinent, too. Between hiccoughs, belches, and staggering, he blurted out, “Say, sis, I want some ‘tin’; I’m dry and can’t get beer on wind, ‘so

shell over'!" Sister did not know what 'tin' was, but supposed he wanted a vessel of that material.

"Sir, I have none. But wait and I'll get something to eat for you. You look hungry."

"Do I? Well I ain't. I'm dry. Beer's wha' I want. Trot along to the house and get some 'chink'. I ain't goin' along, or you'll be handin' soap an' water an' shoe-blackin' out to me. Then you'll preach some more o' your little sermons, as you us' to in school. He! He! 'member the day I slathered your jaw? Come, sis, gimme some coin."

My blood was boiling during the whole conversation, but I was too taken aback to act, till he spoke of old school days. Then I recognized Fred Brown. I was on my feet in a second and placing myself in front of Fred said, "Enough of your insulting language. You go as you came, or I'll pitch you over head, first."

He did not seem to recognize me, nor heed me either. Stepping around me he said, "Sis, you goin' 'ter get that 'plunker'?" I started to threaten him again when sister said calmly, "Fred, I have no money, if that is what you mean, and would not give you any if I had. I beg of you to leave this place quietly without raising a disturbance. Go and try to amend your life. Think of your mother, and"—*She never finished that sentence.* Fred, his face purple with anger, reached to his hip-pocket for something which I had seen exposed by his ragged coat—a revolver. But *he never finished that movement.* With a body swing I caught him under the chin with my fist. Partly from the blow, partly from a drunken stagger across a protruding root, he sprawled out onto Point Lookout. Cursing and blaspheming us both, he rose half conscious and started to walk off the ledge. Before I could jump and catch him, he toppled over. As he fell I got a glimpse

of his features. If ever a human being saw Satan's face this side of the grave it was I at that moment. 'Twas awful. Down, down he rolled, plunged, almost hidden by loosened sand and gravel. We could hear the dull thud of his body as it struck first one boulder, then another, and sometimes a tree-trunk. In a few minutes all was still. We dared not picture the sight that lay far down there hidden from us by the tree-tops and underbrush. Finally there came soaring up to us: "Just wait, you scoundrel, I'll get even. I know you, and you've killed my pal. I heard you say that you'd pitch him over, head first."

And he, whoever he was, got even. Two hours afterwards I was under arrest, charged with the murder of Fred Brown, an old school-mate of mine, against whom I had a grudge, etc., etc.

That pal of his was the sole witness against me. He heard what I said to Fred; he knew that Fred and I were not good friends. There I was with no one to testify in my favor except Sister. Before such prejudiced fools as constituted the jury her testimony was naught. And when my vocation was mentioned, that settled it. My sentence was life imprisonment.

Now, O dearest mother, you have a full and detailed confession from me. You see, I am your own son, and though a prisoner, yet not unworthy the term. I grieve to think of the sorrow and affliction which all this must cause you, sweetest mother. Yet, hope and pray, God has not forsaken us.

'Tis now 10:00 P. M., mother, and I must try to sleep a little, though I know I shall dream of your dear old face. Oh, how I wish I had you in my arms, to imprint upon your cheek a good-night kiss. I am weeping, mother dearest. The tears flow upon this sheet, even faster than the ink.

Would to God this trial, this affliction was past.
But let us drink the chalice to the dregs, mother.

Good night, mother. May you bless your son, as I pray to God to bless you. In spirit I kiss thy quivering lips and tearful eyes. Good night.

I am, darling mother,

Your sorrowful but affectionate boy,

Francis.

This letter, dear reader, was never mailed. Hardly had I sealed it, when the warden handed me the following telegram.

Dear Francis:

Your mother died to-day of heart failure, caused by the news of your imprisonment. Her last words were words of blessing for you, and of belief in your innocence. She looked for a letter up to the last moment.

Father Wilder.

That letter and that telegram I pinned together, and put them into my pocket. Subsequently I was pardoned, mostly on the strength of Sr. Borgia's statements and by the influence of good and powerful friends. That was thirteen years ago. For the last ten I have been laboring in the vineyard of the Lord. Every Ash Wednesday evening I go to my study, sit down at my desk, take out an old and yellow envelope. Out of that envelope I slowly draw a letter and a telegram. Then with tears in my eyes and sorrow in my heart, I make my first Lenten meditation.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '02.

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EDITORIALS.

ASH WEDNESDAY will again witness us all at the feet of our Holy Mother, the Church, pondering with contrite hearts over the words:—"Remember, O man, that thou art dust, and to dust returnest." Yea, remember it when you wake, when you work, when you play, when you lay yourself down to rest,—remember it always. Remember, and conduct your life accordingly.

LENT, with its meagre and gloomy countenance, stands beckoning for us to advance. What a cold, skeleton-like smile it wears! How bluish and wasted its outstretched arms appear to us! How sombre and funereal its long mantle! As we rush into its open arms, we shiver, shudder, and crouch. But soon a glowing warmth, like that experienced by the body after a plunge in ice water, seems to warm and re-animate our souls. We become accustomed to the supposed dreariness, the many sacrifices and mortifications. Then we begin to feel genuine joy and happiness in these continual spiritual exercises and gymnastics. What most of us dread is the precept of fasting. Nevertheless, if we wish to live according to the spirit of the Church, we should not wait until we reach the age of twenty-one. Nothing opens the flood-gates of Heaven's graces quicker or wider than fasting. To deprive the body of food for any length of time, is like holding down a writhing, biting serpent. Such a struggle takes courage and immense will-power. At the same time, however, systematic fasting develops these manly traits in one's character. Don't let a false fear of self-injury deprive you of the inestimable benefits, of fasting, not only spiritual, but mental and physical as well. Cases are known where persons infected with virulent diseases have completely recovered during the Lenten season. And any fair-minded person, who takes the time to post himself on current events in the medical world, will be astounded at the hundreds—yea, thousands of cures being effected at the present time by hydropathy and fasting. We are all fairly well acquainted with the spiritual benefit of fasting, but of the mental and physical effects we seem to have perverted notions. From experience we find that fasting sharpens and strengthens the mind, gives

health and tone to every organ and function of the human body, especially to the digestive organ which is the custodian of the health of the whole body. A prominent and non-Catholic physician made the following remark a few weeks ago: "In these days of pampered and gluttoned stomachs, the injunction of frequent fasts, especially that of Lent, is the safest and most efficacious means adopted by the Catholic Church to keep her children in bodily health." However, if we have not stamina or will-power enough to subject ourselves to a rigid fast, there are many, many ways open to every one, especially to students whereby we may mortify ourselves. Let us do so cheerfully and with sincere piety, that Easter-tide may find us with healthful bodies, strengthened minds, and joyful, spotless souls, fully prepared for the great and glorious Resurrection.

NOW FOR A FEW TONGUE-SLIPS concerning the musical work here in our little villa. Considering the material, both flesh and brass, which Professor Dentinger had to deal with in the beginning of the year, we think he has done excellent work with the band and orchestra. Interest and willingness had, previous to this term, been on the wane among the boys for the past two or three years. The consequence was that in a few months there were no new players to take the place of the old boys when they left. The Professor has uphill work this year, and may have it for another year in trying to again put life into the organization. He is creating interest and enthusiasm among the boys, and the fruits will be manifest in a short while. As affairs stand now in the band the flesh is strong and willing, but the brass is weak, and—out of tune. However, we look forward to some good concerts this spring. What strikes us as very singular is the fact that with

one or two exceptions, St. Aquino Hall has never been represented in band or orchestra, whereas, we think, it ought to boast of enough musicians to have a band of its own. As it is, the north-side cannot even claim a good jewsharper. Another thing. The spring days are coming when nothing delights the true college lad more than a good old song, floating over the campus on a moonlight evening. If we would reap such pleasant moments next spring, now is the time to sow the seed. Combine into clubs or quartettes and take the pains to memorize and sing *well a few good* songs. Let something genuinely good supplant those owl-like vocal spasms of "In the Evening", "On the Banks of the Wabash", "Mary had a little Lamb" "Ta, Ra, Ra", etc. Sing some good old college songs, something that will stir your breasts with feelings of love and loyalty to your Alma Mater and to one another—in other words, something that has the flavor and spirit of college life. Even the so-called "College Yell," if given with "snap and ginger" has a certain music and power of inspiration. Something—anything, to make the old campus ring on a summer's evening with joy and mirth, that, in after years, the memory of such days and pleasures may destroy selfishness, alleviate pain and trouble, and enkindle in our hearts emotions that we cannot describe, but that raise and ennoble us.

THE MUCH DREADED "semi-annuals" are now, or soon will be, past. Some give evidence of this fact by a smile, some by a sigh, and other some by a whoop. It is for the sighing one, we feel sorry—sometimes. Not all of us are gifted with the legendary five talents, and for such of us that have but two or even one, the student's life is one of drudgery and discouragement. But one consolation is, that, as a rule, the graces and

blessings of the Sacred Heart come in inverse proportion to our talents. But again, the afore-mentioned sigh may escape the breast of one who might have achieved success and—did not. For such a one, whether of good talents or not, shame and remorse are his just portion. There is no more pitiful, and at the same time exasperating sight, than to see a *student* act like a *school-boy* in knickerbockers,—to see a student, claiming the rights and privileges of a gentleman, conduct himself in such a manner that a superior is constantly required to watch and goad him on to mental effort and labor, In such students we see a want of nobility and manliness, of will-power and response to grace and inspiration. In such a one we detect the seed of future miseries and failures, of deep regrets and stinging remorse,—yea, the inexhaustible source of the tears and heartaches of fond and selfsacrificing parents. The name that fits such students best is *sluggard*. They are to a college what drones are to a hive. They destroy or vitiate all the sweetness and happiness existing in the home that shelters them. One predominating fault of young and old students alike is a woeful lack of mental concentration,—lack of that mighty power, which placed a Napoleon, a Pitt, a Newton, a Choate, a Calhoun, upon the heights of fame and success. All other mental qualities may be present in perfection, yet, if concentration is wanting, we are like a mighty locomotive without steam—we can't budge an inch. This power—we might almost call it *creative* power—is a natural gift to some, others must acquire it. Certain we are that it lies dormant in each of us, and nothing but an energetic will can waken and develop it. The study hall is the gymnasium of will-power and concentrative power. For experience sake and self instruction take a commanding

position in a vast study hall. Observe the various degrees of concentrative power possessed by the students. If some-one coughs or laughs, two out of every ten look up and around; if some-one drops a desk-lid, five out of ten are disturbed; if some-one goes to the dictionary stand, seven out of said number are interested in the action; and, ye geniuses, if some-one comes in the door, everybody, but three or four at the most, "rubbers". When one considers that the day is almost one succession of coughs, dropping of lids, visits to the dictionary, egress and ingress through the door, it is not difficult to see the reason why some students, even bright ones, fail. Out of one-hundred it is hard to find one who is perfectly oblivious to his surroundings for fifteen minutes at a stretch. Boys, learn the full and comprehensive meaning of the military command—*Attention*. Learn to give yourself one sharp and decisive command—*Attention*. Learn to obey, readily and with your whole being, that one command—*Attention*.





We resumed our labor with much pleasure after the holidays, for we expected delightful work and were not at all disappointed. After raking through a various mass of color and design on the table of our sanctum, we found an assortment of material more than usually exquisite and tasty. The polished exterior of the journals was far surpassed by a more polished contents, as the *Xavier*, in particular, was the first to show. A commendable variety of solid prose, verse, and fiction constitute the valuable product of its genius, industry, and attention. We may say with truth the *Xavier* avoids all tinsel and seeks to give unalloyed metal. Each of its numbers deserves the praise of time spent in earnest work. The good-humored writer of the "Xmas Goose" presents a tale remarkable for its development and happy expressions. The mimicry at first is incoherent with the previous thought, but soon his pen becomes more dexterous and begins to draw up the instances of the story with choice language, only to unravel them alike ingeniously. The parallel between the Xmas poets is an expression of a sharp glance from a critical eye. The distinctions are strikingly exemplified, and the thought is vivid and penetrating. A biography of "Silvio Pellico" is curiously interesting, original, and just. "Chat in

a Pullman'' contains much that is entertaining and valuable reading matter. The thought is concentrated, but the plot is not very ingenious. ''Inferiority of American Literature'' is a judicious summary of all impediments and peculiar disadvantages to the progress of letters in our country. Such information is very acceptable and always read with benefit. ''Physical Study of Error'' constitutes an invective against a rampant nuisance. It is keen, lucid, and appropriate. The poets, in general, of the *Xavier* are fanciful and melodious.

The latest *Aloysian* presents a large and satisfactory contents of which space will allow us only to notice select pieces in particular. The critique on ''Faust'' in our opinion has been successfully executed. Though but a few points are touched, yet they are always among the very best, and the views taken of them are alike spacious, clear, and acute. The critical sagacity observable in the composition shows close acquaintance with the work, and a deliberate approach to it from the correct side. Well merited consideration is given to Mrs. Proctor, whose sparkling genius has seldom received a better tribute. The ideas here expressed are true and such as we have long since entertained for their correctness. ''Winter with the Poets'' is full of pointed observations. ''Madam Swetchine'' and ''Silhouette'' are perspicuous, neat, and carefully produced. ''Sharper than a Serpent's Tooth'' portrays a beautiful moral. ''Myself'' is a curiosity, though diligently written. In fine, the *Aloysian* always handles useful subjects, and may be read for the profit of example.

Again we have occasion to review the masterly pages of the *Niagara Index*. The broad comprehensiveness, practicalness, originality, and polished diction, purport superior, intellectual capacity and energy on the part of its able publishers. We

never fail to reap advantage and knowledge from its reviewal. The paper could appropriately be called a magazine. "A Modern Tendency" shrewdly analyzes the word 'fad,' and explains how at times fads become impertinent, though on a whole good in themselves. The essay is all along well developed and harmoniously balanced. "A Nation's Trials" exhibits proficient thought and penetration as the ably managed question of the nation's tribulation distinctly tells. "Trusts" is in keeping with the customs, situations, and sentiments of most American people. Even the high-cultured might find in it a desirable position from which to look at these organizations.

The *S. V. C. Student* is bright and airy. After it has traveled all the long way from its western home, it still appears witty and full of life. Of its contents we may cite "Christmas Customs" as conveying some novel notions about the former celebration of this feast. The subject itself bids fair for interest; but there is a bungling looseness of style which seems to result from hurried composition. The essay on Literature shows knowledge, study, and practical thought, side by side with a few good hints that deserve to be heeded.

We met a pleasant entertainer in the *St. John's University Record* who amuses its readers both with ancient and modern news. The sketch of "Julius Cæsar" is remarkable for neatness, strength and diligent research. We hope the writer will complete it with the same care he employed in its beginning. In common with many of our best exchanges the *Record* merits the praise of good literary performance.

The *Fresno Owl* has hooted of an engaging December number that incites cheerfulness and allows much play to the imagination. The fact is that this high-school journal has attained a higher

standard in story writing than many college journals.

The "North Woods Tale" in the *Review Student* is a well drawn piece of fiction that will not fail to be attractive and delightful to its readers. As a rule the journal shows careful work, but contains too little that is of real value. If it would increase its literary field it certainly could command more attention.

The *Gregorian* has carried on vigorous courtship with the stormy muse, and in the end relates the whole affair in an impressive poem. The delineation of objects and the description in general marks a successful attempt at the sublime. The articles are precise, clear, and eloquent. In both prose and poetry the *Gregorian* is visibly improving.

St. Joseph's Journal abounds in productions that do honor to its earnest-minded proprietors. The Christmas number especially has been brought to rare perfection. The stories are elevated, charming, and nicely told.

The *Student's Arena* is an honorable testimonial of diligence and careful work dressed in a neat, simple, and attractive diction. Its contents in general is pleasing, courteous, and jocund.

MEINRAD B. KOESTER, '02



SOCIETY NOTES.

C. L. S. Sunday Jan. 12th, found all the Columbians assembled in their meeting hall for the first time in the New Year. Owing to the fact that the semi-annual examinations are "ante portas," very little business was transacted. The committees reported as usual, and the critic, Mr. Wills, passed a very favorable criticism on the program rendered Dec. 18th. As the occasion demanded something light, two farces were selected for the evening's entertainment. The program was as follows:—

I. A Farce: "Medica,"

Cast of characters.

Dr. Koch.....	Mr. R. Goebel.
Jacob Pranks.....	Mr. R. Halpin.
Jasper Nogood	Mr. B. Huelsman.
Hart Heartache.....	Mr. B. Alt.
Cough Consumption.....	Mr. B. Quell.
Billy Fits.....	Mr. W. Scheidler.
Sammy Gout.....	Mr. A. Bernard.

II. Vocal Solo.....Mr. J. Naughton.

III. Farce: "Trial of the Landlord."

Cast of characters:

Mr. Sloman.....	Mr. A. Scheidler.
Sissy DeVere.....	Mr. E. Pryor.
A Timid Little Girl.....	Mr. C. Sibold.
Bill Scraper.....	Mr. J. Dabbelt.
Orlando Tatters.....	Mr. A. Schaefer.
Hans Dinkelspeil....	Mr. R. Schwietermann.
Sunflower.....	Mr. R. Reineck.

A handsome Christmas present in the form of a clock adorns the wall in the Columbian reading room and lends it a cozy and homelike air. The C, L. S. express their sincere thanks to Rev. Father Hugo for this beautiful donation.

R. S. C. The Raleigh Smoking Club has undergone a sort of reformation. New officers were chosen as follows: Pres., J. Steinbrunner; Vice Pres., H. Hoerstman; Sec., F. Boeke; Marshall, M. Schumacher. The officers will henceforth endeavor to make the R. S. C. more of a social club. A reading table has already made its appearance in the club room. The members are also talking of reviving the famous "Darktown Twenty."

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN '03.

A number of the students of St. Xavier Hall, under the excellent directorship of Brother Herman, entertained on two occasions those that remained at Alma Mater during the Christmas Holidays. The first, an Irish drama, "More Sinned Against than Sinning," was rendered Christmas evening. This was followed a few days later by a travesty on the German drama, "William Tell." Both performances were given with great success.

The drama was one to suit the joyous and happy occasion. It was neither depressing in its influence, nor was it farcical. It included the funny, the serious, and pathetic, and hence gave ample opportunity for all to show their dramatic talent. It consisted of four acts and the following is the cast of characters:

Squire Hilton.....	Othmar Knapke.
Marmaduke Hilton, his son.....	Raymond Rath.
Alphonsus Belhaven—Land Agent....	Celestine Frericks.
Dick Harvey, A Villain.....	Alfred Delaney.
Major Lookout, A Jolly Good Fellow.....	Matthew Helmig.
Teddy O'Neil.....	Victor Meagher.
Captain De Balzag.....	Edward Hauk.
Andy } Smugglers.....	Jno. Becker
Tom }	Isidore Collins.
Joe }	Cassimere Batzkofski.
Jno. Jenison, A Servant	Oscar Hentges,

Among those that especially deserve credit are Raymond Rath, who played the part of a dis-

owned and persecuted son. Matthew Helmig, as "the jolly good fellow," did full justice to his part. Celestine Frericks presented the character of the English land agent in a very natural manner. Victor Meagher and Edward Hauk also deserve praise for their ability in impersonating "funny fellows." The former took the Irish and the latter the French role, and both showed themselves able to do something of the same work as future Columbians. Considering that it was their first appearance on the stage, that evening's work was a success.

The German travesty, "William Tell," was rendered on New Year's evening, with the constant applause of the audience. To Brother Herman do we owe this evening's enjoyment, since he it was who worked and labored in re-writing the drama, "William Tell," into the travesty of the same title. Brother Herman has always been noted for his store of natural wit and humor, and all agree that "William Tell," as rendered that evening contained the cream of his inexhaustible humor.

Following is the cast of characters:

Wm. Tell.....	Benno Holler.
Walter Tell, his son.....	Herman Grube.
Werner Stauffacher.....	Egon Flaig.
Walter Fererssh.....	Willibald Scheidler.
Attinghausen.	Richard Schwietermann.
Gessler.....	Cyriac Grube.
Soldiers.....	Rudolph Stoltz.
	Xavier Yaeger.
Farmers.....	Benjamin Alt.
	Felix Didier.
Servant to Gessler....	Remigius Monin.

Both programs were enriched by fine musical selections.

H. FRONING, 3rd Normal.

ATHLETICS.

Since the close of the foot ball season the students have found a good substitute in hockey. This game is to some extent a novelty at St. Joseph's, for this is the first season that it has been played by the students with any relish. Hockey is played on the ice and when competent players participate in this sport, it is one of the most exciting and scientific of games. To play hockey with success a person must of necessity be a swift and clever skater. One of the most difficult feats to perform in this game is to carry the ball for a great distance. When a player can do this he has mastered the all-important feature of hockey, and will have little trouble in becoming proficient in the various other plays. Recently two teams have been organized in St. Aquino Hall, known as the Challengers and the Defenders. They played their first game on Sunday, Jan. 19th. The game was a very good exhibition of hockey, and the crowd that gathered around the lake to witness the contest thoroughly enjoyed it and was worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. In the first half the playing was fast and brilliant, with honors about evenly divided, each side making one goal. The superior team-work of the Defenders was much in evidence during the second half, and as a result they scored two goals against their opponents. The Challengers did not show the dash and spirit which characterized their playing

in the early part of the game, and this enabled the Defenders to win out by the score of 3 to 1. The playing of Van Flandern, J. F. and J. A. Sullivan, and Hildebrand, was of a high order. The line-up and summary follows:

Defenders.		Challengers.
C. VanFlandern	first rush	J. F. Sullivan
J. A. Sullivan	second rush	J. Hildebrand
L. Monahan	centre	V. Sibold
R. Goebel	half back	C. Sibold
A. Birkmeier	goal	J. Jones
Goal—VanFlandern, J. F. Sullivan, Hildebrand, 2.		
Time of halves—fifteen minutes.		

Considerable interest has been shown of late in bowling. Two teams have been organized by the first and second Latin classes known as the Caesars and Ciceros respectively. The Caesars are composed of the following players; Alles, Kellar, Kloesters, Jones, and Bryan. Ciceros: Fisher, Shea, Flory, Quinlan, Helmig. Three games have been played; the Caesars won two out of the three; while the Ciceros won the first game by a score of 536 to 475.

E. A. WILLS, '03.





When a person has set about doing something with a good heart and a noble purpose in view, there is nothing that gives him more satisfaction after he has done his duty well than an expression of appreciation from his friends and patrons. Such was the intention and purpose of the Staff of St. Joseph's Collegian, through their business managers, when they sought the aid and sanction of those interested in our Alma Mater and the inmates of St. Joseph's College. Their work has indeed been followed by great success. Already at this early date a great number have sent in subscriptions for the Collegian. Some have even surprised us by large contributions. All have indeed encouraged us and made us believe that there are not only a few who take great interest in our work.

Dear patrons, both clergy and laity, you have deserved the blessings of Heaven for such favors. Our college is yet very young and our sacrifice for the good of mankind and the glory of the Most High is just beginning to bloom in students of our sacred halls, still we have no doubt that the time is not far distant when St. Joseph's College will be wide awake in her students to the wants of our people and the harvest of souls.

Then you will indeed feel assured that you have not thrown your gifts to the wind, but upon soil that shall produce fruit a hundred fold. Our language lacks words to express our most sincere thanks, and acknowledging our weakness, we hope and pray that God may shower down his blessings upon you, whilst we remain as ever your most obliging friends,

E. G. Werling, John Wessel, Bussiness Managsre.

It is always a consolation not to be quite forgotten, but to meet with recognition among the estimable and honorable part of society lends a dignified feeling to the encouragement. The St. Joseph's Collegian experienced this truth through the kindness of Very Rev. Henry Drees, C.PP. S., to whom it desires to express sincerest thanks for his liberal donation and cheering patronage.

Maurice says he wishes he could play an instrument as well as he can whistle the melody with his voice.

M. Shumacher says whilst exercising:—"When ever I take a real deep inspiration, I swell out."

J. Dabbelt: "What became of the city of Tyre?"

B. Quell: "The Lord punctured it."

"The way to sleep," says Ignatius, "is not to think about anything." But this is a mistake. "The way to sleep is to think it is time to get up," says Spindles.

Levers are not only confined to Physics. Mac says his money is his greatest le(a)ver.

Grube says, the home of the swallow is the stomach,

Frenchy says there should be a little space between jokes to give a fellow time to laugh.

Choppers does not sing except by chance(ts).

We were happy to extend a welcoming hand to our old friend, Mr. Joseph Trentman, a post-graduate of the commercial class of '00 from Ft. Wayne, Ind., who has been pleased to return to our dear Alma Mater to take up a special course in the classics. His return is all the more pleasing to us because it confirms our faith and hopes in the future of St. Joseph's.

Mr. John Buchman of Tiffin, O., has also returned to St. Joseph's College to continue his studies in the Commercial Course.

Prof. "When are lines parallel?" Schwieterman: "They are parallel if they are parallel to each other."

"Rooster" (Hanley) while skating tripped himself on his spurs and fell through the ice. After having crawled out he exclaimed: "I just got my feathers a little wet."

John Newman claims to be from along the Pacific, which is evident from the height of his knickerbockers,—being used to high waters.

The "Big Four" at Collegeville, owing to the ill health of one of its members has been consolidated into the "Three I." Their latest song is, "When I am near my Darling('s)house."

"You can't lose Charlie," so says "Chucks."

We are happy to state that our loss in students after Christmas vacation has been very slight. We have, however, increased by quite a few which raises our number close on to the ninety.

"Dignitas" has been dignified to the dignity of being the dignissimus of the dignified smoking club.

"Trap" on rising the first morning after Christmas vacation at the usual time 5:15 astounded his

fellow students with the following soliloquy: "It's h-ll to get up at midnight!"

"Busco" Hammes, Chap. III. "Chicago is a pretty tough joint."

"Flossie is quite an authority in this sport and the other evening he says, just after he got one on the nose, "On the square you get out of practice."

Dec. 11. snow to the depth of an inch. Some one took a slide (?) not on the sleigh, but down the steps.

Many had the 'blues' for the last week. Latest reports promise a speedy recovery.

We have among us about five who have never been weaned from a habit of their youth. They still take milk.

Chick:—Don' you ever take a nap during the day? Tub:—No, it is too hard to wake more than once a day.

Before the cold December days set in, the boys punctured the foot-ball. Student Victor took it to the sick-room and had a sticking plaster put on.

Felix maintains that the moon is much better than the sun; for, says he, "The moon gives light at night when we need it, but the sun during the day when there is no need of it."

Prof. in history: What was the fate of Muradi? McGill:—He was stabbed by a fallen soldier.

Benjamin maintains that a poem written in hexameter will sooner reach the temple of fame than one written in pentameter, the former having more feet.

Prof.—Give me a figure for death.

Pupil:—Anything that smells.

Herman (Grube): Who possesses the oldest, simplest, and most convenient reaper and binder?
Ivo:—I know:—Death, for he cuts and binds daily, already for 6000 years, with ever the same one.—Can't be a McCormick, that's sure.

Chick translating: "Invia saxa dispulit," halted a little, than fearing for his honor, said, "He dashed off his useless socks."

Braun to Sullivan:—Don't you fear that you will have to burn for your laziness?

Sullivan:—I scarcely—I—I am a mean combustible.

Knapke Bro's for Music.

Scheidler Bro's for Songs.

Grube Bro's for Mischief.

Drug Supplies at Longs.

Prof. to Camillus:—Give me a sentence with "delight" in it for its object.

Camillus:—"The wind came in through the window and blew out *de* light."

Celestine to Oscar:—How far are you in your catechism?

Oscar: Why, we're past actual sin. Celestine: Oh! we're past redemption.

Bro. John surveying the work before him:—"Ach du lieber Himmel! was sind doch die Studenten fuer Luemmel."

Flaherty and Dink Sullivan running in opposite directions around a corner struck each other. "Oh dear," says Flaherty, "how you made my head ring!" "That's a sign it is hollow," said Dink. "Did yours ring?" said Flaherty. "No," said Dink. "That's a sign it's cracked," said Flaherty, and they parted.

Prof.—“What is motion?”


Braun:—“The movement of two bodies.”

There ought to be another Delilah to shear Samson Muhler of his locks.

The S. C. C., better known as the G. O. P., reported very favorably of their stay at St. Joseph's during Christmas vacation. They kept themselves very busy. The secretary and treasurer having the most to do. The Sec. to keep an account of the game which was plentiful, and the Treas. to keep his money, which was the harder of the two.

It is certainly a very honorable club, and lacks neither in witty and humorous fellows nor in men with ‘get up’ enough to push the thing along. We are certainly glad that they had a good time, and hope they will stay together and keep the good thing a going. They are proud to mention, that one of their members of last year, Mr. H. Metz-dorf, is now climbing the ladder of success across the Atlantic.

They are also glad to take advantage of this issue to extend their sincere thanks to the members of the Faculty and also to the students in their generous donations to the treasury, which did much to fill their cup of joy.



HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

Wm. Arnold, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, Ed. Werling, C. VanFlandern, J. Wessel, A. McGill, Wm. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, H. Muhler, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, T. Hammes, B. Quell, H. Froning, J. Naughton, C. Sibold, J. Hildebrand, J. Lemper, J. Jones, J. F. Sullivan, C. Holthouse, W. Hanley, J. Bach, A. Lonsway, Mich. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, L. Flory, J. Diemert, E. Freiburger; E. Pryor, J. Newman, W. Lieser, H. Heim, P. Carlos, J. Lang, H. Cooney, E. Buchman, E. Barnard, N. Keller, J. Smith, J. O'Donnell, J. Bryan, J. McCarthy, C. Fisher, T. Alles, P. Thom, J. Miller, J. Ramp, J. Trentman, R. Halpin.

90-95 PER CENT.

L. Monahan, Wm. Fisher, T. Quinlan, M. O'Connor, E. Ley, G. Jackson, F. Schmitz, A. Birkmeyer, J. Burke, V. Sibold.

In the above "Honorary Mention" are omitted the names of the students that were tardy in returning to College after the holidays.

A printed copy stating the results of the results of the semi-annual examinations as well as the general average of the previous four months will be mailed *directly* to the parents and guardians of the students.